



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT HALTED . . . The Judge Is Fearfully Sick . . . By Tad

Copyright, 1911, National News Association.



### Build Up Your Character by Thinking Agreeable Things

If You Know Some One You Dislike Very Much, Begin Today and Look for Some Praiseworthy Quality in That Person.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There is some one you dislike; some one who jars upon your nerves; some one of whom you disapprove, and when- ever the name of that individual is men- tioned you are conscious of a disa- greeable sensation. It is never a source of happiness to dislike any one.



There is always a penalty attached to an aversion. And quite unconsciously to most of us there is a slow but sure de- generation taking place in our char- acters when we give much thought to the people we dislike, because we are grafting upon our natures some portion of those disa- greeable traits and qualities which oc- cupy our minds.

We become, to greater or less degree, like the things of which we think and talk. If, therefore, you think and talk a great deal about the faults and failings of your friends (or your enemies), you are grafting a branch of poison ivy on the vine of your own heart.

This is a scientific fact. Every thought has its effect on our natures, just as every moment spent in practice of music or painting is forming our habits in those arts. The art of character building is the greatest and most important art and profession in life, so it is a matter of serious moment how we do this work.

No one of us finds it possible, to like every person we meet. There are people so unlovable, so aggressive, so un- pleasant to encounter, that one would be made of stone who did not recognize their repellent traits. Yet were we to set about looking for some agreeable quality in those as- tonishing personalities we would find them. This, then, should be our work. The moment we encounter a disagree- able or even an unattractive individual, if we have time to give that person any thought at all, let us turn the mind toward a path of exploration and seek for something worth praising.

It will prove an interesting experiment and will help another while we help ourselves.

There is nothing more disastrous in the way of mental processes than dwell- ing on the ugly, painful and disagreeable side of life. It is not only a waste of time and energy, but it is a criminal waste of these precious things.

It does no good, and it does great harm. There are occasions and situations where the dark and painful and disa- greeable things of life must be mentioned; must be recognized, that they may be changed.

The child who falls in the dirt of the street must be recognized as a soiled child, needing to be washed and clothed in fresh garments. It would be folly to smile and say: "Run along, child; you are clean." The child might not recog- nize his own need of a bath, but others would recognize it without making the changes necessary to his best well being. But it would be an even greater folly to sit for days and weeks dwelling in thought on the accident which had be- fallen the child, and trying to obtain data of other similar accidents to other chil- dren, forgetting all the beautiful throngs of clean, sweet children swearing over the earth.

That is precisely what thousands of intelligent human beings are doing with their minds and voices.

They are emphasizing the faults, follies and misdeeds of the people they know, especially the people they dislike, and they are ignoring the lovely things which exist all around us everywhere. They are doing nothing to lessen or change the evils they deplore, but are preparing their own natures to develop the same traits by continually talking of them. If you know some one you dislike very much, begin today and look for some praiseworthy quality in that person to think about and to talk about.

It will prove an excellent disinfectant for your mind, instead of inviting the contagion of the unpleasant things you find in another, by thinking and talking of them.

Pass as lightly and rapidly as possible over the ugly and disagreeable traits of human nature.

Accent the agreeable and worthy. Say some good thing every day about some one you do not like.

And before you know it you will find you are ceasing to dislike that indi- vidual.

Copyright, 1911, National News Ass'n.

### The Manicure Lady

"Now that the base ball season is over," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Bar- ber, "I hope and trust that we can turn to all them other and better things of life, such as foot ball and politics. The fleet has come and sent, so there ain't much to say about them, and as far as society is concerned, I ain't seen four lines in the papers lately about the whole Newport bunch. Roosevelt is out of the spotlight on account of having become an editor of a weekly and no more than an editor, and Tatt is too fat to stir around much. News is scarce, George. What shall we talk about this morning. You know, I just got to talk about some- thing."

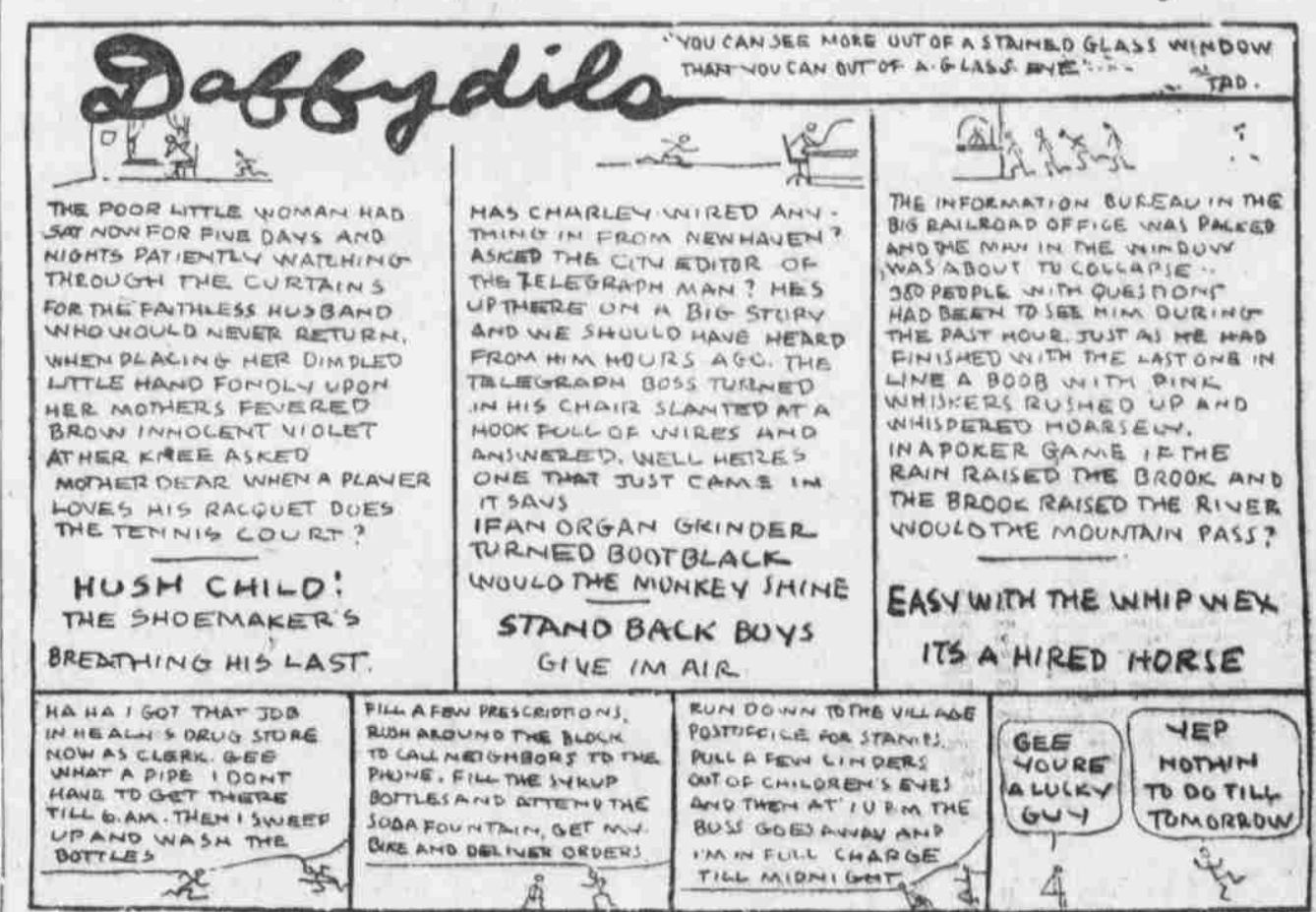
"I know," said the Head Barber, wear- ily, "I know. If you gotta talk about something, why don't you talk about litera- ture? Between you and your brother you must know something about poetry, such as that of Mister Kipling's about the female of the species being stronger and deadlier than the male. What do you know about that?" "I guess Mister Kipling is wrong," said the Manicure Lady. "Females ain't deadlier these days, George. They just want to be supported nice, and have the little comforts of life, like zabbies, etc., and they certainly don't want to get dead if they can get the winner's end of the bank roll when pay day comes. Even when I was a little girl I remember how perfectly dear Ma was when the old gent forgot to send away from the house an hour after the time he was due on pay day evenings. But when the old gent happened to get home too late to pre- serve the better and softer part of his weekly wage, George, then the surface of

the male." "Without his kale, the money," ex- plained the Head Barber. "That's one time that I think a married gent ought to keep away from home. If a married gent can't bring home the roll, he always should stay away long enough to get an- other one. He ought to tote home the kale."

"I am so glad, George," exclaimed the Manicure Lady, "that you have told me what 'kale' means. Now I know what brother Wilfred meant when he read that poem to me about Mister Kipling's poem, the one he wrote that said something about the female of the species. That is all I remember about it, George."

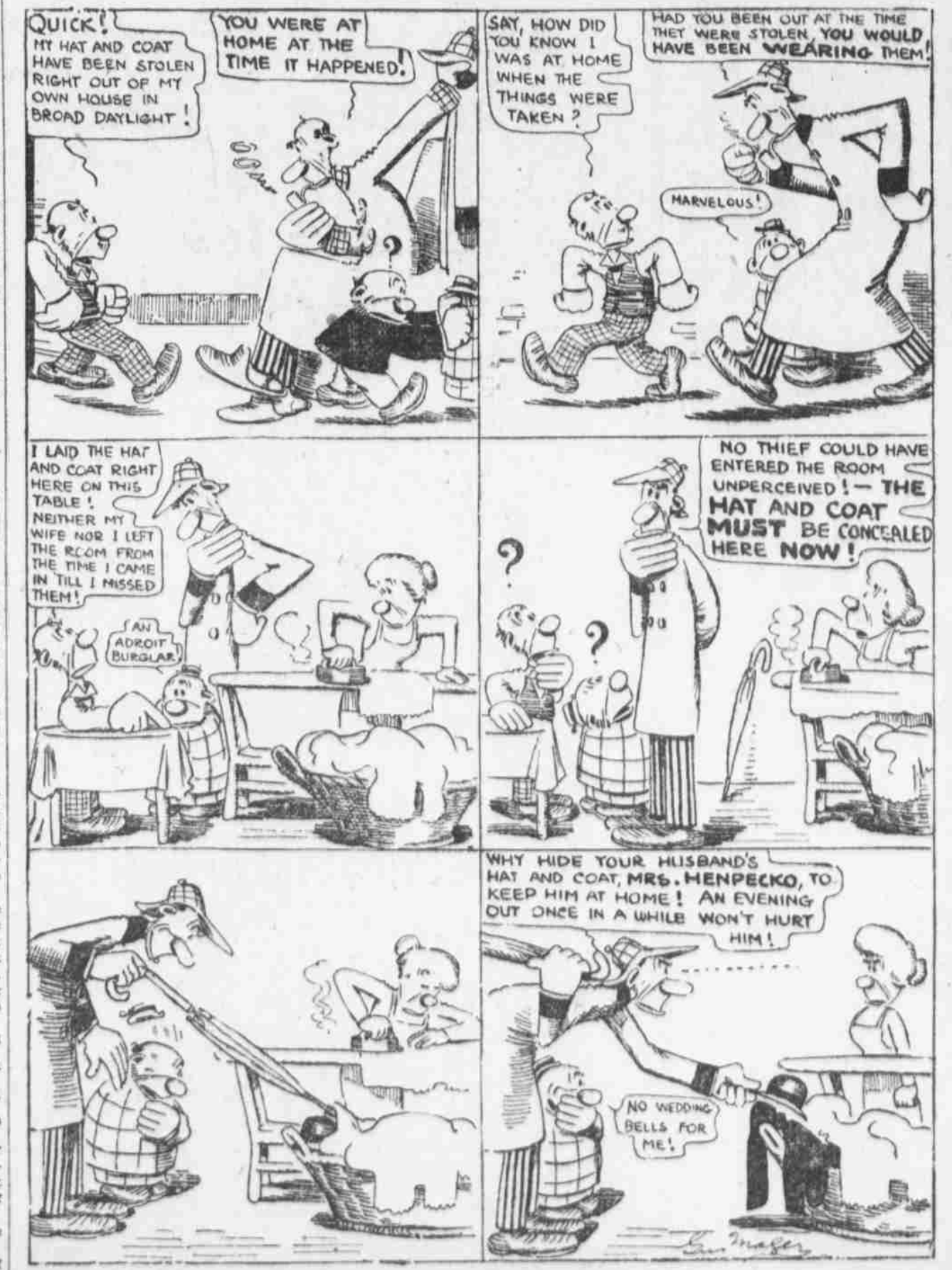
"When the poor old earner of the bread comes home to greet his wife and says, 'I haven't got it now, on that I'll bet my life.'" "The wife responds with cruel words, hoping to get the kale." "The female of the species is deadlier than the male." "That's why I was anxious to know what the word 'kale' meant, George," con- cluded the Manicure Lady. "I didn't want to think that Wilfred looked one of his poems." "He couldn't spoil one of them poems of his," said the Head Barber. "The map was changed—not the surface of

### Stand Back, Boys, and Give Him Air By Tad



### Sherlocko the Monk :-: The Episode of the Missing Garment

By Gus Mager Copyright, 1911, National News Association.



### The Tragedy of Being a Man

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

He is born with but one friend, and, after a lifetime of trying to make more, doesn't have that many when he dies. The first thing he learns after patty- cake is that mother's kin are superior to father's. In his boyhood days, if his complexion and clothes and pleasures suit his mother, he is missing the fun that is rightfully due him. He finds as much joy in drowning his-

self as he does in celebrating Easter. He is to pass all the glorious Easter tid- dings to him is that he has his old pant pressed, and after the children are grow- ing and his wife doesn't have to stay a home evenings to put them to bed, he is left alone so much that he feels a friendly to any one who is kind to him a if he were a lost pup.

If he tells his wife of an increase in his wages she doesn't congratulate him she gets a far-away look in her eyes as if calculating how many yards it will take for a new dress, and if he tells her they must economize she is reminded of his cigars.

All the broken furniture in the house is put in a room called his den, and he has so little room in any of the closets for his clothes that Blue Beard become his ideal of a really great man. He, at least, had closets in which he had room to hang things.

If he does something noteworthy in the world of affairs, his wife's relative look wide and say nothing. Every time he pulls his money out of his pocket he misses a dollar, and in the same way as he grows older every time he counts his friends he finds he is on short, and he never knows how he has either of them.

If in a loving, but bewildering, spirit he enters a dry goods store to buy his wife a present, all the appreciation is gets in her deaps to know what on earth possessed him to buy a thing like that on it.

If he catches a fish and takes it home with pride to his mother she sees his soiled clothes before she sees the fish, and any attempt to love her when she is dressed up and he is proud of her is met by a scream about his dirty hands.

All his amusements lose their fascina- tion if he has any one's permission to in- duge in them, and no one can convince him that the time will ever come when he will think more of a girl than of a dog.

If he is hungry and opens the icebox door, his mother and sisters scream and run for clothes to wipe up what he is going to spill; the only time his sister sees any need in the world for him is when she stands under a walnut tree, and from the time he plays marbles under the street light until he is old and toothless he has to account to some woman why he didn't come home earlier.

When he is a grown man and thought- lessly tells a girl he enjoys being with her, he wakes up to find himself engaged, and in a brief period he hears the wed- ding march the women think is so sweet and it rings in his ears like a war whoop.

If he doesn't hold the baby he is a brute, and if he holds it and it cries his wife looks at him as if he had pinched it; his children are dissatisfied with him because he doesn't keep a candy store.

His suffers and fights and his reward is that the figure of Peace is represented by a woman; he never satisfies his wife because he lacks appreciation of what she calls art. There is no one to see that he has worked so hard and endured so much that the artistic temperament in a rock crusher had rolled over it.

He never gets credit. If, as a boy, he is good to his mother, every one says "He ought to be. She is his mother." If kind to his wife, they say: "He ought to be. Isn't she his wife?" And if good to his children, every one says: "Why shouldn't he be? Isn't he their father?" And should he, on his deathbed, talk of seeing the pearly gates there would be a suspicion that he didn't see them. That he talked that way to fool his wife to the last.

### A Modern Hero

Senator La Follette, at a picnic in Madison, was praising a young Mil- waukee couple that has just got married. "They'll have a rather hard time of it, too," he said thoughtfully, "with prices at the height they are, and Bert's salary in the office so ridiculous." "A girl once lifted her head from her young man's bosom and murmured: 'If it were but possible, in these prosaic days, for you to do something heroic, something brave and knight-like, to prove your love!'" "Why, gracious goodness!" cried the young fellow, "ain't I goin' to marry you next month on a salary of \$8 per week?"